

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER



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FARMER'S DAUGHTER:

BEING
A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF
JEMIMA KELLY.

BY HER PASTOR,
THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON,
ARDERSIER

Mrs Fair
Cotton

1868



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N O T E

SOME of the following remarks were addressed to my own congregation from the pulpit, on my return home after the death of J. K., which accounts in part for their familiar style, especially towards the close. I was then urged to publish what I had said; but, without committing myself either way, my notes were laid aside at the time, and for years neglected in the midst of incessant pastoral and public duties. But, on recently reading over these remarks once more, I came to the conclusion that they might possibly prove useful to my own people, as well as to her relations and neighbours, if published before her sweet memory had wholly faded from their remembrances. In preparing my notes for the press, however, the matter has extended in my hands far beyond my expectations, resulting rather in a book than a mere tractate. Should it, besides, find its way to readers and regions beyond our bounds, it is the earnest prayer of the writer that the divine blessing may abundantly accompany it.

A. C.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

JEMIMA KELLY, the subject of the following remarks, died on the 4th day of September 1862, at the early age of twenty-five, in the same house in which she was born, on the farm of Hillhead, Petty, near Ardersier, Inverness-shire. Her parents' names were David Kelly, and Mary Mair his wife. She was the youngest daughter but one of a numerous family—consisting of four sons and eight daughters. All her people, for generations, belonged to the Secession Church, in which her father was an elder. Most, if not all, of her immediate relatives, like herself, afterwards joined the Free Church. Some of her bygone relations were eminent for piety, especially her paternal grandfather: and although grace is not hereditary, yet we know that, ordinarily, the seed of the righteous are blessed.

The first time I saw her was on 1st December 1854, the year I commenced my ministry in Ardersier. She called as an "anxious inquirer." I have learned since, that on that occasion, she stood out-

side the Manse for an hour, trembling and debating with herself as to whether she should venture to come in or not. She did come in however, I am happy to say, yet wounded in spirit, and sobbing like a child. She would then be about seventeen years of age, and although she was stout and firmly built, she had a very juvenile appearance. On being asked what was troubling her, she said she feared she was lost; that she had some convictions when a child in school, which troubled her for a time, but that she had got quit of them by flattering herself there was time enough; and that if she was *elected*, there was no need for anxiety, for all would be well in due time. But she added that, some time ago, while hearing me preach on the sinfulness and danger of delay, her convictions were again awfully awakened, so that now she feared she had outlived the day of grace, and there was no mercy for her.

I advised her to yield her *whole heart instantly* to the Lord; to see that she would not allow her heart to be divided, or delay the matter; that there was no unwillingness on the part of Christ to receive her, but that, probably, all the unwillingness was on her own side. I told her to keep out of company, to be much engaged in studying her Bible, and to be instant in prayer. I then gave

her Alleine's Alarm, and M'Cheyne's Memoir, prayed with her, and invited her to call again.

The wiles of the enemy may be seen, in trying first to make this poor child believe that it was *too soon* to attend to the salvation of her soul ; and again, when this failed, in suggesting that it was now *too late* !

It is of importance, at the outset, to observe and to keep in mind, that the sin on which the Holy Spirit laid His finger in the case of Jemima Kelly, and fastened on her now awakened conscience, was (as she herself would have called it) the *iniquity* of wilfully and deliberately delaying the concerns of her soul's salvation ; or rather delaying to close with Christ, as a suitable and all-sufficient Saviour, while feeling and knowing she was a lost sinner. Among Gospel-hearers this is the most prevalent, soul-destroying, and yet probably the least considered of all sins. But in her case, the felt conviction of it, from which she could not now extricate herself, was the crisis—the turning-point in her salvation.

I find the following memorandum, taken down at the time, of the result of several meetings with her:—"Monday, 12th March 1855. Jemima Kelly has called several times—complaining somewhat as formerly—*distressed about election*, and as

to whether Christ died *for her*. Endeavoured to give her suitable directions ; spent last evening (Sabbath) in searching out suitable passages for her ; prayed with her ; she seems tender-hearted ; I have great hopes of her ; may the Lord perfect that which concerns her."

How often does it happen that poor awakened sinners, instead of beginning at the right end, begin at the wrong end ; instead of beginning with the first "principles of the doctrine of Christ," endeavour, *by one leap*, to reach at "perfection" ; instead of being satisfied "as newborn babes" with "milk," they must, forsooth, stretch their puny hand to snatch the strongest meat, and so, at the outset, dive headlong into the "decrees" of God, including election and predestination ! And should the enemy manage to entangle them in the meshes of his intricate net work ; oh how difficult to rescue them ! This is not the fault of "these awful decrees," as some are pleased to call them. With such doctrines awakened sinners have got nothing to do, meantime. What they need is an all-sufficient Saviour ; and what is required of them now is simply to repent and believe the Gospel. To argue with them on such points at this critical stage, is just as foolish as to begin to comfort them ; the only thing that some would-be-wise counsellors

seem able to do. Happily, Jemima Kelly was saved from falling into this "Slough of Despond," albeit she was bordering upon it.

The late eminent W. C. Burns, Missionary to China, while once preaching in Canada, with his usual characteristic wisdom, gave the following directions to those who had difficulties about election :—"Some stumble at the doctrine of election, saying,—I don't know if I am of the elect. Just try yourself by this mark : God's own elect are those who cry to Him day and night, Luke xviii. 7. First make your *calling* sure, then your election. Alas, the want is in not feeding upon the Word and ordinances of God ; but it is hard to make people eat when they have no appetite." This witness is true.

The same subject is equally well put by his namesake, the late beloved Mr Jas. D. Burns of Hampstead. "Though I cannot (said he) read my name and surname in the Book of Life in Heaven, I can read my name in God's Book of Grace on Earth—in that '*whosoever*' I am included—I cannot put myself out of the circle God has marked out with His own hand. If your name is written in the Book of Life in Heaven, it will be manifest by a holy, humble, crucified life on earth. This is the sign and seal that may be seen and read of all men,

—‘Let him that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity’.”

In another memorandum—a year thereafter—her case is thus briefly described. “March, 1856.—Jemima Kelly continues to call occasionally, and to all appearance is going on most hopefully. Her alarms are gradually giving place to a settled faith and peace, and love to Christ.”

In this way she continued to call for years, and get suitable books on practical and experimental religion. The number of books read by her from first to last was extraordinary. On calling at the Manse, she would just run up to the study, and on returning the last volume, I would, after she became well-established in the truth, read over to her the titles of some books which I considered suitable, and leave her to chose for herself. Sometimes she would select one, and sometimes two. This done, we engaged in prayer for a few minutes. Then rising from her knees, she would wipe her eyes and run away, apparently as happy as a little child. There is such a thing as “weeping for joy.”

I believe she went through deep waters—the most severe and fiery and prolonged ordeal. On one occasion she remarked that the Lord was keeping her very low. I merely replied, that if the Lord purposed to shew her much of His favour,

He would possibly bring her still lower.—Matt. xv., 21-28.

From the books read by her, she was in the habit of taking copious notes, especially from such books as gave decisive marks and evidences of the character of a true Christian, as well as marks and evidences of such as were only Christians in appearance and in name. In this, her object seems to have been to secure all the help she could in self-examination. It is impossible to give an idea of what thorough work she made of this, unless her notes were given at large, which is not the design of this sketch. What a decisive evidence of how fearful she was lest she should at last be found among the foolish virgins! Is the reader equally jealous over his own soul?

Ultimately she began to buy books for herself, which made up a goodly library.

How much better would it be for young persons who may feel distressed and perplexed about their souls, instantly to apply, like her, to their pastor, who, by kindly, timely, and judicious counsels, might be the means of saving them years of painful anxiety. Is there not reason to fear, that through the neglect of this course, convictions, in the case of many, are suppressed, or wear away, and so never come to anything.

Alas! there is also reason to fear that many young persons, and old persons too, in these circumstances, quench the Spirit, in their efforts to get *quit of convictions*, under the mistaken notion that religion—piety—is a gloomy and unhappy thing. But who will dare to say that her religion deprived Jemima Kelly of a single grain of real happiness? Sure I am, that had the question been asked her, she would instantly declare she never knew true happiness, until she knew her Saviour.—Psalm i.

Another error into which young inquirers often fall is, to betake themselves to all kinds of counsellors who have the reputation of being religious. I have known some who, bewildered by such conflicting counsels, have been kept for years in a state bordering on despair.

The means of grace she attended regularly in the Free Church, Ardersier, from the time of her awakening—or conversion rather may we not now call it? To accomplish this, she travelled every Lord's day, in going and returning, a distance of eight miles, and sometimes sixteen miles—when there happened to be an evening sermon, which she scarcely ever missed. And after the weekly prayer meeting and lecture were begun, in addition to the old monthly meeting, she would regularly travel all

that distance in all weathers, and in the darkest nights, in order to be present.

If at any time she was missed from the prayer meeting, she might probably be found passing the hour with old James Malcolm, the gardener at Culblair, who had a remarkable gift for entertaining those who feared the Lord, with things new and old. What a strange sight to see, a blooming young maiden, and a paralytic bed-ridden old man, like two lovers, spending the evening together! Yet, so it often happened. It is difficult for worldly people—young or old—to understand such a sight.—Malachi, iii. 16.

A more attentive hearer, I suppose, never was seen in the House of God. Whenever she took her seat she, by a sudden glance, looked up to see who was the occupant of the pulpit, and then, apparently, she never looked about her, nor lifted her head. She always appeared absorbed, and as if she had to do with God alone, and not with man. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God.—Psalm xlii., 1, 2. Ministers alone know how helpful to them such hearers as Jemima Kelly are.

She had a large note-book kept at home, in which

she was in the habit of writing down the text of every sermon, and the name of the preacher, whether heard in her own Church or elsewhere, whether preached by her own pastor or any other minister. She did not always write the heads of discourse, only occasionally. She would appear to have got them written in her heart rather. Who can tell the sweet and solemn meditations this earnest young Christian had, from time to time, on those passages; and the instructions, doctrinal, experimental, and practical, founded thereon? She was, however, in the habit of writing from memory long passages of sermons preached in her own Church or elsewhere, which she forwarded to some of her relations at a distance, as I have since learned from themselves. Specimens of these notes are given.

As an evidence of her habitual personal application to herself of the truth preached in her hearing, she told me more than once, that she could not account for the manner in which I happened to describe her case,—her difficulties and experiences—and that she was sometimes tempted to conclude, some one must have been telling me about her. I assured her she need have no fear on that score.

Her thirst for the means of grace was extraordinary, and apparently insatiable. If ever any one

could be said to draw waters with joy out of the wells of salvation, she seemed to be that one. This feature of her character accounts for her persevering endeavour, immediately after her conversion, to learn the Gaelic language. To my surprise, I observed that she began to remain during the Gaelic service. The first time I called upon her thereafter, I said—What makes you remain for the Gaelic sermon, *Jemima*? Oh, Sir, it's very solemn, was her reply. But do you understand it? A little, Sir, she added. Can you read it? I am just trying, she said, almost blushing. And, to be sure, on my making her turn up the Gospel of John, to my amazement, she could make her way through it wonderfully.

In July 1857, nearly three years after she appears to have come to the knowledge of the truth, she sat down for the first time at the Lord's Table. Truly this month was to her the beginning of months—a memorable season never to be forgotten. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.—Song, ii. 3–5. She now formally and publicly, and by a solemn religious ordinance, did, what she actually and in really had done for—

merly, renounced the world—its society, and pleasures, and maxims—for ever, and joined herself to the people of God—saying, like another young woman (Ruth) whom she greatly resembled—Entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee : for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God : where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.—Ruth i., 16, 17.

Probably no one of her tender years ever more thoroughly quitted the ways and society of the world, who, at the same time, so actively and with such tact and prudence, managed a pretty extensive business intrusted to her in the providence of God. Early deprived of her father, and then of her mother, when a mere girl, I have often admired the providence as well as the grace of God, in bringing her to a concern immediately before the death of her mother ; thus fitting her, as no other training could fit her, though the youngest daughter but one of a numerous family, to take charge of the farm and the orphans, to whom, in the best sense, she did the part of a second mother, though some of them were her seniors in years ; and to their honour be it said, not one of them ever questioned her

authority or disobeyed her. But yet, it was good for her that she had to bear the yoke in her youth. There is reason to fear that many young people, male and female, are lost through sheer idleness or want of employment.

On another occasion, Mr. W. C. Burns said,—
“An evidence of grace in the soul is—first of all, you are anxious in *reality* about your own salvation; then for your relations according to the flesh; then for the conversion of the world at large.”
Just so.

Accordingly, like a true child of Abraham, (Gen. xviii., 19) she took the deepest interest in the spiritual welfare of her younger brothers and sister, who lived with her, as well as in all the domestics. I have learned since her departure, that immediately after the death of her widowed mother, she began (though then considerably under twenty) to “take the books” with them—to use a Scotch phrase for family worship. On the Sabbath evenings, she was in the habit of regularly catechising the whole household—including men and women, old and young. For the sake of any not familiar with our Scotch habits, into whose hands these pages may fall, perhaps I should explain that our catechising means, getting our people to repeat the Questions of the Shorter Cate-

chism, framed by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, to which habit I believe, the generality of our countrymen owe, in no small degree, the intelligence and stability which usually characterize them in every part of the world.

So far then, as man could judge, this young woman was a signal monument of the converting and saving grace of God. Her character was not the result of natural amiability or training merely. She was, I believe, a giddy girl—as thoughtlessly whirling in the dance as others of the same age when she was arrested by the arrows of the Almighty; and from that day till her dying day—a period of nearly eight years,—her character and conduct was in all respects becoming the Gospel, and well calculated to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

I was often surprised how unlike most young people—even most young disciples—she was, and how like elderly mothers in Israel rather; and wondered if she would always continue so, and never forsake her first love. But the Lord has rebuked all such thoughts, by suddenly removing her, and placing her, as I believe, for ever beyond the reach of danger.

Her religion was altogether of the solid and Scriptural kind, and so, perfectly free of everything

savouring of extravagance, fanaticism, superstition, excitement, or the sensational or sentimental, so prevalent in many quarters.

Gradually, she became known to godly and discerning people, by meeting her at Communion Seasons in the surrounding parishes, as an uncommonly serious and humble young woman, who, in a very remarkable degree was clothed with humility, and whose adorning was not like most young women—that adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel, but (the adorning of) the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.—1 Peter, iii., 3, 4. As an evidence of her humility, it may be remarked that, she never put herself in the way of ministers or professors had in reputation, as young converts often do. Long as I had been her pastor and spiritual adviser, I never could get her, when calling alone, to come in at the front door; she always came in through the kitchen.

Her delight in Communion Seasons knew no bounds. Formerly, the Communion was only dispensed once a year in this part of the country; now, the habit of dispensing it twice a year, is all but universal. It would be impracticable to have it

oftener, so long as this solemn ordinance occupies the position assigned to it for generations in the North Highlands, as a sacred festival. The time which it occupies is five days—from Thursday to Monday, inclusive. Thursday is employed as a day of Fasting and Humiliation, with suitable religious exercises, the congregations being usually addressed from such passages as Psalm xxxii., 5 ; 1 Corinthians xi., 28.

The Friday before the Communion has long been called "The Question Day." On that day, the Minister of the Congregation (generally accompanied by one or two clerical brethren) presides, and after conducting the usual preliminary religious exercises—including praise, prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures—he asks the brethren present (meaning the elders and male members in full communion, whether of his own or the surrounding congregations) if any of them has a question on his mind, grounded on the Word of God, on which he would like to hear the opinion of his brethren. After a pause, a man starts to his feet, Bible-in-hand, from among the congregation, and addressing the Moderator, says—If you please, Sir, to turn up 2 Tim. iii., 5 (or a similar passage), I should like to get the mind of the brethren on that passage, that is to say, that they would be kind enough to point out what

are the marks of true godliness, distinguishing such as are under its power, not only from those who make no profession at all, but also from such as have a faultless form of godliness, but are destitute of its power. Thereupon, the Moderator "opens up the question," as it is called, by expounding the passage, and showing its doctrinal relations to the context, as well as its practical and experimental bearings. He then calls by name upon the leading Christian men present to express their mind upon the question, from their own experience and observation, which, after some hesitation and pressing, they do sometimes with remarkable point, power, pathos, and unction, during which there is usually wrapt attention on the part of the people. These men do not *preach*; they are not "lay preachers"; they give their own experience, and exhort one another; but not one of them would take upon him to preach, strictly speaking; nor would the rest tolerate such presumption (as they would regard it) on the part of any of their number. Either the Moderator or another minister sums up in conclusion, at the sametime, if need be, gently pointing out any thing that may have been said which might not be quite relevant to the question. The man who gave out the question is generally called upon to pray. The evenings are occupied with

prayer, in the absence of more public exercises.

On the Saturday, which is called the preparation-day, the people are usually addressed from a passage descriptive of some trait of Christian character, such as Genesis v., 24—Zeph. iii., 12, 13 ; or the Saviour's own character and suitableness may be the subject of discourse from such a text as Luke iv., 18, 19 ; or the two things may be combined, as from Gal. ii., 20—Psalm xxxiv., 18.

On the Communion Sabbath—the great day of the Feast—the grand theme discussed in the “Action Sermon,” as it is called, is the Death of Christ, and the central place which the Atonement occupies in the economy of grace, from such passages as Eph. v., 2—Heb. ix., 13, 14. The “Fencing of the Tables” still holds its place in the North, although it is fast disappearing in the South. It is all comprehended in a few brief but searching and solemn remarks, mingled with tenderness, on some of the leading differences between the truly gracious, and those who have only a name to live, from such passages as Jeremiah xxiii., 28—1 John i., 6. I believe that no part of the services of this solemn season has been found more telling than this. I know some in my own congregation who have traced their conversion to it. During the Serving of the Tables, the Communicants are addressed on

all varieties of subjects—embracing the doctrinal, the experimental, and the practical. Perhaps, on the whole, this is the most charming part of worship in the Church militant—until we come to the mountain of myrrh, and the hill of frankincense!

On the Monday—the Thanksgiving-day—the people are addressed on such topics as stedfastness in the Christian life, and the Gospel call, from such passages as Heb. x., 38—John vi., 37.

Altogether, there is much sweet and profitable Christian intercourse and fellowship enjoyed during every Communion Season, by the most devout and godly from all the surrounding parishes; and, when the solemn services at last come to a close, and all must return to their own habitations, the leave-takings and partings are extremely touching and tender.—Acts xxi., 5, 6.

No man can thoroughly understand or appreciate the religion of the Highlands who is ignorant of the influence which these solemn seasons have in moulding the religious character of the people. The preaching at Communion Seasons in the North is perhaps, on the whole, not excelled in any Church or country in the world. Doubtless, there is far superior oratory and eloquence, and critical acumen, to be met with in other parts, but in point of Gospel fulness, depth, richness, ripeness, and

variety, I have met with nothing to be compared to it, though I have travelled pretty extensively. Let any one who doubts this try it for himself.

The Summer Communion Season begins about the end of May, and continues till September—during every Sabbath of which season, there is one or more Communions dispensed in some parishes, in the district of country extending between Nairn and Tain.

The following sketch of a Highland Communion, with slight variations, was written by myself shortly after I was settled in the North. It appeared in the late *Scottish Guardian* newspaper at the time, and was afterwards copied by several leading journals on both sides of the Atlantic. It may now help readers at a distance to form a clearer and fuller conception of our religious habits—at least so far as external appearances are concerned:—

A COMMUNION SERVICE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The Communion Season in the North Highlands, which extends over the months of June, July, and August, is a time of engrossing interest to the devout Highlander—not that of his own parish merely, but that of the surrounding Communions—which he makes a conscience of attending with religious scrupulosity, and which are so arranged as to time, that this may be easily accomplished. The last of

these interesting scenes which we had the privilege of witnessing was the Free Church Sacrament at Dores, near Inverness, on the first Sabbath of August. The day was everything that could be desired—no wind, no rain, no heat—for the sun was all day concealed by a cloudy curtain hovering above Lochness; at the end of which, in and beside the neat Church of Bona, the clans were met, not as of yore, for deeds of plunder, but to hear the unsearchable riches of Christ proclaimed in their own inimitable native tongue. There was a goodly gathering of English hearers in the Church, but “the great congregation,” as usual, was out. The spot selected for the dispensation of this solemn ordinance is one of the most lovely that the eye can behold. At a little distance to the east is the mansion of Dochfour, one of the most beautiful in the Highlands; stretching to the west is Lochness, the largest fresh water lake in Scotland—a sort of Ontario in miniature; to the north are the steep hills of Glen-Urquhart; and to the south are the contemplated deer ranges of Baron Saltoun; westward of which—on the same side approaching the lake, and sweetly nestling in the woods—may be seen Aldourie House, the handsome residence of the venerable Sheriff Fraser Tytler, with its deep-green, sloping lawn—perennially laved by the

now narrowing and rapid, but still deep, waters of the Ness. Here, at Bona, St Columba himself, the great Apostle of the Highlands, is said to have first preached the Gospel. Be this as it may, so far as we could judge, it was most powerfully preached there on this occasion, by the officiating ministers—Mr Macpherson, the worthy pastor of the congregation, Mr Macbean of Fort-Augustus, &c. The crowd would be little, if any, short of 4000. There were venerable patriarchs, with their grey locks, staff-in-hand; tidy-looking matrons, with snow-white napkins on their heads; young men and maidens without number; and little children, dressed in kilt and homely simplicity. The services began shortly after eleven, and continued without intermission, till about half-past six o'clock; during all which time this devout and most orderly crowd hung on the lips of the preachers, who appeared to enjoy great liberty. A finer scene for the painter is rarely to be met with. We felt very much refreshed and edified. Such a day is evidently the greatest earthly luxury of a God-fearing Highlander. On a review of this solemn sight, we were involuntarily led to the following, among other reflections:—First, that the moral influence of the Free Church is very powerful in the Highlands, and must by no means be measured by the mere

pecuniary contributions of its poor congregations. The all but universal adherence of the population of the Highlands to the Free Church shows, beyond a doubt, that this is truly the National Church. Second, that surely the proprietors in the Highlands have greatly alienated themselves from their people, when scarcely one of them is ever seen at such interesting gatherings as that which we have described. There are exceptions, but they are rare. The worthy Laird of Culloden might be seen, on the same day, serving Tables with humble but pious men, at a similar ordinance, in a neighbouring parish. In honouring such, he was honouring himself. And, finally, we cannot but observe, that while in the South out-door preaching has become a necessity, owing to the ungodliness of the masses, out-door preaching here, has, on such occasions, become a necessity from the very opposite—the universality of Church-going habits. Long may this be the glory of the North Highlands. We will not soon forget the Dores Sacrament.

Before dismissing the subject of Highland Communion, it may not be out of place here to quote an account of a Highland Sacrament only recently published, although written long ago, indeed many years before the Disruption in the Church of Scot-

land, when all classes, high and low, attended the Presbyterian Parish Church. The locality was Ferrintosh, so long celebrated for the immense gatherings congregating there at such seasons, and the minister was the famous Dr M'Donald. The gentleman who wrote this description was Mr William Laidlaw, the friend and literary secretary of Sir Walter Scott. Mr Laidlaw was a Southron, and so his account may be regarded as perfectly unbiassed. It serves, at the same time, without any design on his part, to show how unfounded was the notion occasionally to be met with—chiefly among some gentry who had little sympathy with evangelical religion,—to the effect that the only peculiarity about Dr M'Donald's preaching was made up of Celtic exclamations, and other extravagances! If Mr Laidlaw—himself a man of literary taste—found the minister of Ferrintosh so accomplished, masterly, and powerful in English, what must he have been in his own native tongue!

It will be observed, that the number of worshippers calculated by him to have been present at Ferrintosh on that occasion, was altogether 11,000.

Here is Mr Laidlaw's account:—

"The people here gather in thousands to the sacraments, as they did in Ettrick in Boston's time. We set out on Sunday to the communion at Fer-

rintosh, near Dingwall, to which the people resort from fifty miles' distance. Macdonald, the minister who attracts this concourse of persons, preached the sermon in the church in English, with a command of language and a justness of tone, action, and reasoning—keeping close to the pure metaphysics of Calvin—that I have seldom, if ever, heard surpassed. He had great energy on all points, but it never touched on extravagance. The Highland congregation sat in a *cleugh*, or dell, of a long, hollow, oval shape, bordered with hazel and birch and wild roses. It seemed to be formed for the purpose. We walked round the outside of the congregated thousands, and looked down on the glen from the upper end, and the scene was really indescribable. Two-thirds of those present were women, dressed mostly in large, high, wide muslin caps, the back part standing up like the head of a paper kite, and ornamented with ribbons. They had wrapped round them bright-coloured plaid shawls, the predominant hue being scarlet.

“It was a warm, breezy day, one of the most glorious in June. The place will be about half-a-mile from the Frith on the south side, and at an elevation of five hundred feet. Dingwall was just opposite at the foot of Ben Wyvis, still spotted with wreaths of snow. Over the town, with its modern castle, its church, and Lombardy poplars, we saw up the richly-cultivated valley of Strathpeffer. The tufted rocks and woods of Brahan (Mackenzie of Seaforth) were a few miles to the south, and fields of wheat and potatoes, separated

with hedgerows of trees, intervened. Further off, the high-peaked mountains that divide the county of Inverness from Ross-shire towered in the distance. I never saw such a scene. We sat down on the brae among the people, the long white communion tables being conspicuous at the bottom. The congregation began singing the psalm to one of the plaintive, wild old tunes that I am told are only sung in the Gaelic service. The people all sing, but in such an extended multitude they could not sing all together. They chanted, as it were, in masses or large groups. I can compare the singing to nothing earthly, except it be imagining what would be the effect of a gigantic and tremendous Æolian harp with hundreds of strings! There was no resisting the impression. After coming a little to myself, I went and paced the length and breadth of the amphitheatre, taking averages, and carefully noting, as well as I could, how the people were sitting together, and I could not in this way make them less than 9500, besides those in the church, amounting perhaps to 1500. Most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with their families, were there. I enjoyed the scene as something perfect in its way, and of rare beauty and excellence—like Melrose Abbey under a fine light, or the back of old Edinburgh during an illumination, or the Loch of the Lowes in a fine calm July evening, five minutes after sunset."

The places where Jemima Kelly attended regularly, on *some days* of every Communion Season,

were Nairn, Cawdor, Croy, Petty, Inverness, Dores, and Dingwall, besides attending every day in her own congregation at Ardersier. She invariably walked to these places, except such of them as she could get to by train, *on week-days*. I have seen her turn up at Dores on a Communion Sabbath, slipping quietly into a corner, and wiping the sweat from her face with her napkin, just as the service was beginning. This would be a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, or about thirty miles reckoning the distance both ways, as she always returned home in the evening, except from Dingwall, where she had relations.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that the mere attendance on so many religious ordinances is, of itself, an evidence of genuine piety. Instead of that, I have no doubt that many attend on such occasions whose sole religion, it is to be feared, consists in doing so. No one, however, who knew Jemima Kelly would suspect her of seeking to establish any merit by such pilgrimages. It was the love of Christ which constrained her. The voice of the bride of old expressed her feelings on such occasions: Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?

Much of her character and experience may be learned from the following letters, written to her

youngest sister, then living with an uncle at Forres. Jane herself had by this time (1858-59) become anxious about her soul, and this anxiety was deepened by hearing Mr Brownlow North preach.

Hillhead, November, 1858.

My dearest Jane,—I could not tell you with what joy I received your letter, from which I learned that you were in a measure led to see your lost state by nature ; is it not an awful state to be in?—living without God and without hope in the world! Dear Sister, see that you do not let your convictions pass away ; remember that conviction is not conversion ; many, many were convinced of sin, and after that went back to the world. Some of Christ's disciples went back, and walked no more with Him, for they said, This is an hard saying, who can bear it. But be you like Peter, who, when Christ said, Will ye also go away?—answered, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. Dear Jane, be often and earnest at a Throne of Grace, and ask Him to keep you from taking peace or comfort in anything but in Christ himself, for nothing can satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul, short of having an interest in Christ.

O taste and see that God is good :

Who trusts in Him is bless'd.

Oh! happy is that people, whose God is the Lord. Dear Sister, God has said, They that seek me early, shall find me. Oh! seek, seek till you find Him ; be like Jacob, do not give Him rest or let Him go till He bless you ; and, remember, He is an all-sufficient Saviour ; He is able and willing to save

to the uttermost, and says, him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out ; I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins : come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. What precious passages these ! Christ is then willing to receive you, if you will but go to Him ; what brought Him to this world to suffer and die, but to satisfy divine justice and reconcile us to God ! He is therefore the Sinner's Friend and Saviour ; His name is called Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins, and He is a Friend that will never leave nor forsake us ; He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Dear Jane, just cast yourself upon Him, *as you are* ; do not be waiting till you are better, or you will never come, for *there is nothing in you but sin* ; there is nothing in you to recommend you to God ; believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ; remember, that he that believeth not shall be damned. Christ is waiting to be gracious, waiting to receive you ; oh ! do not keep Him standing at the door knocking. Be earnest at your Bible, for it is the Word of God, and not of man ; and oh ! dear Sister, do not be ashamed to be seeking Christ, for himself is not ashamed to be called the God of His people ; He was not ashamed to be born in a stable and laid in a manger, and to live a life of suffering, and to die the death of the cross for you. Do not be afraid of the frown of the world : think

of what Christ suffered for you ; how He was mocked and reviled, and led as a Lamb to the slaughter, dumb, opening not His mouth. Dear Jane, I need not say more ; my earnest prayer is that you may find rest in Christ ; I hope soon to hear from you ; give all your mind to me ; hide nothing from me, for I have myself passed through the same. Where is Mr North now ? Where was he living when he spoke to you ? Did he pray with you ? I think I will go East soon after the Term to see you. Dear Jane, now be earnest, for the salvation of your soul is very precious ; you will never have a better opportunity of closing with Christ ; make all your wants known to God ; and pray that He may make himself known to you.—I remain, your most affectionate and loving sister,
JEMIMA KELLY.

Again, she thus writes her sister—without date—but probably about the same time:—

Dear Sister,—You know the blessed invitations of the Gospel ; you are invited to come to Christ, because it is the sick that need the physician, and the weary that need rest : such Christ came to redeem. You must therefore wait on Him prayerfully, looking up for an answer, for He will withhold no good thing from those that live uprightly, whatever trials or afflictions they may have to endure ; although we may not think these good for us, He sees that we have need of them. Dear Sister, do you remember when you were here, how yourself and Bell (the servant maid) would be at

me when I would take fits of sighing? If you were here again you would have some pity on me, seeing you can do nothing now yourself but sigh and moan, as I used to do. You must not be cast down at the difficulties in the way, for it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. Christ says,—In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace. May you find peace and rest under the shadow of His wings to your weary soul, may He be pleased to lift on you the light of His countenance; may you hear Him saying,—It is I, be not afraid. Oh! that you could by faith put your hand into His side, and see the print of the nails in His hands, and exclaim, like Thomas, My Lord and my God! Oh! that each of us were made partakers of the redemption which He purchased for His people. I could write, I do not know how many sheets, if it would do you any good; but I must draw to a close, as it is near eleven o'clock, and the rest have all gone to bed. Do not be angry for any thing I have said; as far as I know my own heart, it is in love and faithfulness to your soul I am speaking, and I hope you will take it in that sense. Be much in prayer and searching the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of Christ. Cast yourself and all your concerns on Him, for He careth for you, and watches over you with more than a father's care, or a mother's tenderness. Oh, if we could only think of His goodness unto the sons of men! His mercy is above all His other works. Oh, when you consider the whole plan of redemption, are you not lost in

wonder! Oh, the love of the Father—and the love of Christ—to a lost world! It is no wonder although the Apostle begins with a Behold, what manner of love is this that the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God! Oh, be meditating on that wonderful love to you, to your very self, as if there were no one on earth but yourself. God so loved the world as to give His only Son to die *for me*: think of it in that way! My earnest prayer is, that you may be delivered from the fearful pit and miry clay; may He put your feet on a rock, and a new song in your mouth.—Your affectionate and ever-loving sister,
JEMIMA KELLY.

She makes the following reflection about the beginning of a new year:—

January 1st, 1859.—This is the beginning of another year. Oh! that I would begin it with God, and so as to live by faith and not by sight—for the just shall live by faith. To-day, much impressed with the thoughts of death: am I prepared to die? Solemn thought! Oh! for grace to cast myself upon Him, that I would be going up through the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of the Beloved.

No one could have looked less like death at that time than Jemima Kelly. She was the very picture of health, and youthful strength: yet death was not far from her. Somehow she would seem to have realised this herself, in a remarkable degree.

Her remaining letters are added :—

Hillhead, 23d September 1859.

My dearest Sister,—I received your kind and welcome letter, and was glad to hear that you were well. Dear Sister, Mr Cameron was up seeing me on Monday last was a-week. He just came out for a walk; he has been very ill since he came home; he did not wait long; it was speaking about the Revival he was, and the places he visited while away. I got no opportunity of saying anything to him. I went down to see him on Tuesday last, but did not find him; he is away again for his health; he is keeping so poorly, and I do not know when he may be home. When he was up he was asking for you, and was sorry he was not at home when you were down. My dear Sister, I was glad to hear that you were seeing Mr Robertson (Forres), and that he was so kind. I hope that all you are hearing may be brought home with power and demonstration of the Spirit, and applied savingly to your soul. My dear Sister, there is nothing that would give me more pleasure than to see you following the Lord fully. Dearest Sister, I would not be against your joining the Church. You know your own mind best, and if you see your way, if it is out of love to Christ, and in obedience to His Commandment, This do in remembrance of me, then by all means go forward. You say you are unworthy. If you wait until you are worthy, you will wait for ever. We are all unworthy in ourselves; but worthy is He who died to redeem lost sinners unto himself. If you are in Christ, you

will be accepted in Him. Do not be looking into your own heart for any good, but be looking to Christ, and pleading His promises. He has promised to take away the hard and stony heart, and to give an heart of flesh. Pray that He may make good this promise unto you. You must be looking unto Him for the preparation of the heart, and for all things. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a very solemn ordinance. You know that the bread and wine represent Christ's Body and Blood, with all the benefits and blessings purchased to us. It signifies all Christ's sufferings, and the breaking and wounding of His Body on the Cross, and the shedding of His blood to take away our sins. And you know what is signified by communicants taking the bread and wine into their hands. (The remaining part of this letter is awaiting.)

Hillhead, 1st November 1860.

My dearest Sister,—I received your welcome letter last night, and I am just going to give you a good scolding, whether you will be angry or not. King David says, he will count it a kindness to be reprov'd by a friend. I am at a loss to know what way to begin, however; if I were beside you I would know better. Dear Sister, I do from the heart deeply sympathise with you, but still I fear you are giving too much encouragement to the enemy of your soul. You must rebuke the tempter with a—Get behind me, Satan. It is Satan that is suggesting all these things in your mind, you mentioned. He is going about as a roaring lion

seeking whom he may devour, and he knows your weakness. Christ did not escape his temptations, forty days was He tempted of him, and when he left Him, it was only for a season, we read. Neither will you or I, if we are children of the light, escape his temptations; but, still we must fight against him, although this is not easy, neither can we overcome but by the strength of God; but He has promised to make His grace sufficient for His people, and His strength perfect in their weakness. Therefore we must plead His promises, because what He has said He will perform. Dear Sister, you *must* fight against those temptations. Do not be looking so much to your own heart, for you will see nothing there but blackness and corruption. Look to Christ. He is the author and finisher of your faith; He can afford you help, and in his own good time and way will perfect that which concerns you. Cast your burden on Him, and He shall sustain you; He alone is able, for He is the great burden-bearer of His people. Although He did not make himself known to you at His Table, He is not confined to any place, He is in every place, and always the same, and so He may make himself known to you soon, in a way that you are not looking for, and which will be best for you. Dear Sister, you must be casting yourself again and again on Christ, like Abraham hoping against hope. What else can you do but wait on Him: in His favour is life, and His loving-kindness is better than life itself. Although I am scolding you, I do not blame you, and it is well for you to be jealous over

yourself with a godly jealousy, and to be examining yourself whether you are in the faith or no; it is a question, and ought to be a question with us, Will our professions stand the test, when we come to the swellings of Jordan? And a solemn question it is: oh, to make our calling and our election sure!

Mr ——— preaches very well to *whole-hearted* people, but can give little comfort to a broken spirit. I am not judging him, but I think he knows very little of the experience of the true child of God. His high looks must be brought down.

Dear Sister, May Clark (a young woman about her own age) died last week. I hope she is at her rest. Who can conceive her happiness, if she is singing the song of the redeemed? We must all follow, and her death is a warning to us all. May it be blessed. Good night.—Your affectionate sister,
JEMIMA KELLY.

The following are specimens of the notes of sermons she carried away in her own mind—for she did not write in Church. She communicated them afterwards in letters to her sister. I have no doubt she fairly gives the substance of what she heard, although, of course, the friends from whom she quotes are not responsible for every expression:—

September 1860.—Mr Cameron preached lately on a text I never heard before, I think. It was Genesis xlvii. 8, 9—especially, *How old art thou?* He dwelt very much on the shortness of time, from

Jacob's answer to Pharoah—showing that life is a short pilgrimage ; and in the application he asked the different classes of his hearers,—1st. How old art thou in sin? 2d. How old art thou in abusing the means of grace, and rejecting the offers of the Gospel? 3d. How old art thou halting between two opinions—undecided? 4th. How old art thou in Christ? We had a precious day of it.

His text last Sabbath was Romans vii. 9-11. *For I was alive without the law once, &c.* He was very solemn. I was just saying to myself, when he was done, I am afraid there is nothing saving about me yet at all. He said that the people of God understood and experienced in a measure what Paul was speaking of in this chapter, that every one who knows anything of himself, and of God's holy law, will join the apostle in these words, for nothing but the law of God in the hand of the Spirit can discover to a poor sinner the awful extent and prevalence of sin, the fearful malignity of it, and how it is enmity against God, as well as the carnal mind in which it dwells. Is not this the universal and humbling experience of all the people of God, when the Lord in mercy is in the act of drawing them from their own dead works to rest alone in His finished work? Unless we knew what it was to be dead, to be slain, and to be prostrated at the foot of mercy, crying out under a deep sense of our need—Lord, save me, I perish ; unless you have experienced that, says he, you have to be converted yet. You may read the Chapter. Oh, that we would be saved from resting on any

false foundation, that we would be led to Christ as *sinners* to be saved, and that we would *feel* our need of Him in his three-fold offices—as a prophet to teach us, as a priest to intercede for us, and as a king to subdue us unto himself. It is one thing to *speak* of our need, but it is a different thing to *feel* our need of Christ as lost ruined sinners in reality. Oh, for grace to be enabled to come as sinners to be saved, to come as little children to a merciful and loving *Father*, able and ready to help in our time of need.

On hearing the Rev. Gustavus Aird, of Creich, about the same time, she writes thus:—

His text was in 1 Tim. ii. 5 ; he was so beautiful on the intercession of Christ ; he said, What a great privilege the child of God had to have a friend in the Court of Heaven, pleading his cause, and when *He* takes a case in hand He will prevail ; He will not fail like many in earthly courts. He said, It would be great mercy on the part of God even to allow a mediator to plead with Him, if one could be found on earth—not to speak of providing one himself. But unless He himself provided one that could lay his hand on God and man, and satisfy God's justice in the room and stead of the sinner, where could such be found ? He showed so beautifully the work of Christ as a mediator in reconciling sinners to God, and how our nature must be changed, how everything in the sinner must be changed, for there is nothing in God to be changed, seeing He is unchangeable. But if we are once in Christ, God will be our reconciled God in Him. I

am only sorry I cannot properly explain all he said.

And when he came to serve the Table, he said,—Believing Communicant, it is to be hoped that you have fled for refuge to the hope set before you in the Gospel; and if you have, oh, believer, there was another day of it. There was a day when the wrath and curse of God were hanging over you, yet you heeded it not; and the justice of God was in pursuit of you, saying—Pay me that thou owest, yet you sat at your ease. But there was a day when God in mercy led you to see your lost and ruined condition, yet your safety did not consist in that fact, neither did it consist in your knowing that there was a city of refuge provided for you, but your safety consists, and shall consist in your having fled to Christ, and found refuge in Him. All that are in Christ are safe, and if you are in Christ, nothing shall separate you from Him: death itself cannot separate you, for whom He loves He loves unto the end. I never heard anyone that speaks so homely and so near.

On the Monday of the same Communion Season (probably in Inverness) she heard the Rev. John Kennedy, Dingwall, for whom she had a great regard, and gives the following account of his sermon:—

Oh, how I felt when I heard him; he told me everything that was in my heart. His text was in *Isaiah xl. 27th* verse, but more especially the last verse. He said—Many a time the child of God would be complaining and mourning when all would

be darkness in his soul: my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God; when all the time God knew what was going on in his soul, and in His own good time and way He would make himself known. God always has good reasons for hiding his face (as when we indulge in sin); and in such times we should be saying—like Job—Shew me why thou contendest with me? But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; when we walk in any other way we always get weary, but they that walk in the way of the Lord, instead of getting weary they shall always be getting strength, until they appear before the Lord in Zion. It is said that the way the eagles renew their strength is—When they get old, their bill gets so long that they cannot eat enough to keep them alive, and in their weakness they try to fly above the rock, and not being able, they fall and break their bill on the rock, and then they are enabled to eat their food and to gather strength, and so renew their age. Whether this be true of the eagles or not, it is true of the child of God; in his weakness he must be always falling on the Rock Christ, and breaking his hardness of heart and his unbelief. We must, he said, be waiting on God in all His appointed means and ordinances. You ask some poor one, Why are you always waiting? Oh! he will say to you, I can do nothing else but wait, for none can supply my wants but He for whom I am waiting. You ask another poor one, Why are *you* waiting? He will say, I have got the king's evil, and nothing will do me

good, unless the king touch me. He said it was believed in olden times, that nothing could cure those who were affected with that disease, unless a touch of the king himself. But surely, said he, we are affected with a disease that nothing can cure, no, unless the king himself do it. You ask another poor one, Why are *you* waiting? Oh! he will answer you, perhaps with a blushing face, I am in love with the king, and I cannot be satisfied until I see His face: although I am poor indeed, yet I have a kind of hope He may make me His bride; I must wait therefore until I see His face. You ask another poor one, Why are *you* waiting with such a sad countenance? Oh! he will say, I have broken the king's commandments, and I am waiting until He come; it may be He will have mercy on me; and if not, no other one can: therefore I must wait, I can do nothing else but wait upon the Lord. He mentioned every kind of people, and what they were waiting on the Lord for, as every one had his own peculiar case. He spoke about those that left their first love, and the difference between them that did that, and them that were full of love: altogether I felt as if it was just to myself he was speaking. I have notes of other two sermons, but I have said enough. You will be saying before you read the half of this—Is she not going to be done at all? Oh, if it would be blessed to me. I am afraid I am among the stupid class Mr Cameron was speaking of lately.

Among the distinguishing marks of grace, already referred to, which she jotted down in her

Memorandum Book for her own use, the following (given in an abridged form) are selected as specimens. They may be useful to others:—

1st.—SPURIOUS OR DEFECTIVE MARKS.

1. A great deal of speculative knowledge so as to be able to talk fluently about Law and Gospel.

2. Great admiration of many of the things of God: never man spake like this man, said the officers that came to apprehend Christ.

3. A kind of faith—like that of Simon Magus.

4. The affections may be moved, and the Word received joyfully, as in the case of the stony ground hearers.

5. Trembling at God's Word: Felix experienced this.

6. Open confession of sin: King Saul did this.

7. Much outward reformation.

8. A degree of humiliation before God: Ahab did this.

9. Peace, and confident expectation of salvation: the foolish virgins had this.

10. A confident hope—but liable to perish like the hypocrites.

11. A fear of God—like Balaam's.

12. A sort of love—like that of Herod to John Baptist.

2d.—GENUINE MARKS.

1. The *heart* must be changed as well as the life.

2. A changed heart will be *broken*—broken for sin, and from sin.

3. Outward conversion—turning to the Lord wholly—is the best evidence of inward conversion, or a change of heart.

4. A *saving* work of the Spirit indispensable—a common work not enough.

5. Divorced from resting in our own things or doings.

6. Submit entirely to the righteousness which is of God.

7. Christ must be embraced as the only enriching and satisfying portion of the soul.

8. The true believer regards Christ's friendship and fellowship as the one thing needful.

9. A gracious soul will seek *first*, the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

10. One must put his Amen to the everlasting covenant.

11. Take the yoke of Christ and deny self.

12. The true convert has the witness in himself.

Jemima Kelly evidently belonged to that rare class that are poor in spirit and tremble at God's Word. Yet she was cheerful and happy in the society of those in whom she had confidence, as the true friends of Christ.

Not only would she not allow sin in herself, but the sight of it in others pained her exceedingly. Not very long before her death, while telling me that a friend in whom she felt a deep interest was given to profane swearing, she burst into tears, evidently showing she was at the same time greatly

distressed. How unlike him who said, Am I my brother's keeper? And how like him who said, Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.—Psalm cxix. 136.

Yet she too had to endure her own share of trials from without also, proving even in her case, gentle and inoffensive as she was, that all who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. These trials, which “concerned the law of her God,” she felt keenly; but she bore them meekly in silence.

The early, sudden, and unexpected removal of this remarkable young woman, cast a gloom over the whole district at the time. I do not think I have ever known a person of her tender years, and retiring habits, who has been so widely esteemed, and whose death has been more felt as a personal bereavement. “I never saw her like,” said a venerable patriarch and near neighbour, on the day of her funeral,—at the same time adding—“she appears to have been early gathered into the garner, ‘as the hasty fruit before the summer.’”—Isaiah xxviii. 4.

The very manner of her removal was in keeping with her usual character and conduct; for it was while dutifully and affectionately ministering at the sickbed of one, and another, and another of her relations, that she herself became a prey to the

virulent disease which carried her off. She never gave over until her work was done ; and then she came home, sickened, lay down, and died. The patients all recovered, but only at the costly sacrifice of the precious life of the loving nurse ! Oh, how mysterious are God's ways ! But He does all things well ; and in the present dispensation His mercy is signally displayed in taking—there is every reason to believe—the ripest, and so the best prepared to die. What a lesson to the surviving relations to be also ready.

What a solemn consideration too for those who have been sitting under the very same ministry—however humble and unworthy—and are still unconverted and impenitent, whether old or young. If they die in that condition, this young woman will rise up in the judgment and condemn them. They will then be speechless—for they knew her well, and perhaps have been sounding her praises since her removal.

Another class who ought to lay the sudden death of this young woman to heart are the procrastinators—those who are always delaying the concerns of the soul and eternity. What would have become of her if she had her Saviour to seek during her short illness ? Perhaps she knew not she was dying ; nor did she see any minister or elder while

on her deathbed. To her, however, such considerations were of little consequence. But if you were in her place, reader, and so suddenly called to give in your account, where would you be? For the most part you might be unconscious, and only open your eyes in eternity to realize your everlasting misery! Surely for any one to flatter himself that he can prepare for an endless eternity on his deathbed is among the greatest of all delusions.

The early removal of so young and consistent a disciple of Christ is a great loss to a congregation—not only on account of her prayers and contributions, but especially on account of her example—first, as that of one whom the young might safely follow; and, second, of one whose consistent profession, walk, and conversation, would be a standing reproof against lightness and carelessness in the young, as well as all inconsistencies in other professors, who might be satisfied with a lower standard.

The purity, sanctity, and steadfastness of her life since she first named the name of Christ, ought to rebuke a tendency which sometimes prevails among old professors, especially in this part of the country, of being suspicious or jealous of youthful piety. Doubtless, more caution ought to be exercised in the admission of young people to the Lord's

Table, than of aged ones. At the same time, when young persons go through a similar ordeal to hers, they are much more likely to prove genuine and steady disciples than elderly persons, who, at the eleventh hour, are induced to make a hesitating profession.

While I say this, I must not forget to express my pleasure on account of the esteem in which this beloved young disciple was held by my congregation at large, so far as I can learn. Nor is this to be wondered at, for she was indeed well-fitted to be a credit to any Christian Congregation with which she might be connected. Had she lived in the days of Christ while on earth, does any one doubt she would be found among the holy women who ministered unto Him of their substance—who stood at His cross—and who were first at His grave?

I can scarcely trust myself to speak of the friendship which so long subsisted between the subject of these observations and myself. The tie between pastor and people is a sacred one; and in the case of those who, by the grace of God, are the fruit of one's own ministry in any place, it is peculiarly tender. Respecting Jemima Kelly, I could cordially adopt the words of worthy old Thomas Brooks, uttered by him after the death of his friend, Mrs Mary Blake:—"She was one of those dear spiritual

children that the Lord had given me—Isaiah viii. 18 ; she was a precious seal of my ministry ; she was my living epistle—2 Cor. iii. 1, 2 ; my walking certificate, my letter testimonial—Phil. iv. 1, 2. In life she was my joy, and in the day of Christ she will be my crown, as Paul speaks—1 Thes. ii. 19, 20 ; ‘For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy.’”









